Lliree quarters of life are spent in preparing happiness, but it would be wrong to believe that on that account the last quarter is spent in enjoying happiness. We have got too deeply into the habit of that kind of preparations, and when we have finished preparing for ourselves we prepare for others, so that the propitious moment is put off beyond death. This is why we have such a need to believe in eternal life. A great stroke of wisdom would be to realize that true happiness can do without preparations, or at least it wants only an intimate, personal preparation.

Man is extraordinarily clever in preventing himself from being happy; it would seem that the less able he is to endure misfortune the more apt he is to attach himself to it. (Once more be it said I am speaking only of other men, having always found it very easy lo be happy since I have always held my happiness absolutely independent of things,)

Men are unhappy through lack of faith or through egotism. But how make them realize this? That a soul could claim to be at one and the same time religious and unhappy is an absurd invention. Yet I can understand how Christianity often leads to that, and it is a very noble form of Christianity that focuses on the solidarity of Christ's suffering (the Gospel of St. John certainly does not contribute to this).

Very few souls realize that one can save oneself from egotism by another love than that of creatures (by the pure love of Gocl).

Sin is bad especially because of the horror or love of sin that it leaves us.

Our deeds attach themselves to us like the flame to phosphorus. They constitute our brilliance, to be sure, but only in

so far as they consume us.

Can this be realized? Every sensation is of an infinite *presence.*

Suppress in yourself the Idea of merit. Jt is a great stumbling-block for the mind.

To get outside my passing concerns I am reading Rod's essay on Goethe. Nothing has ever served to calm me in life so much as the contemplation of that great figure. (Moreover Rod's article is no good,)